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No. 13.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

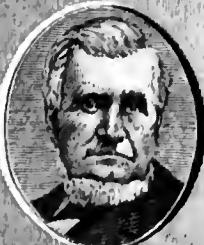
# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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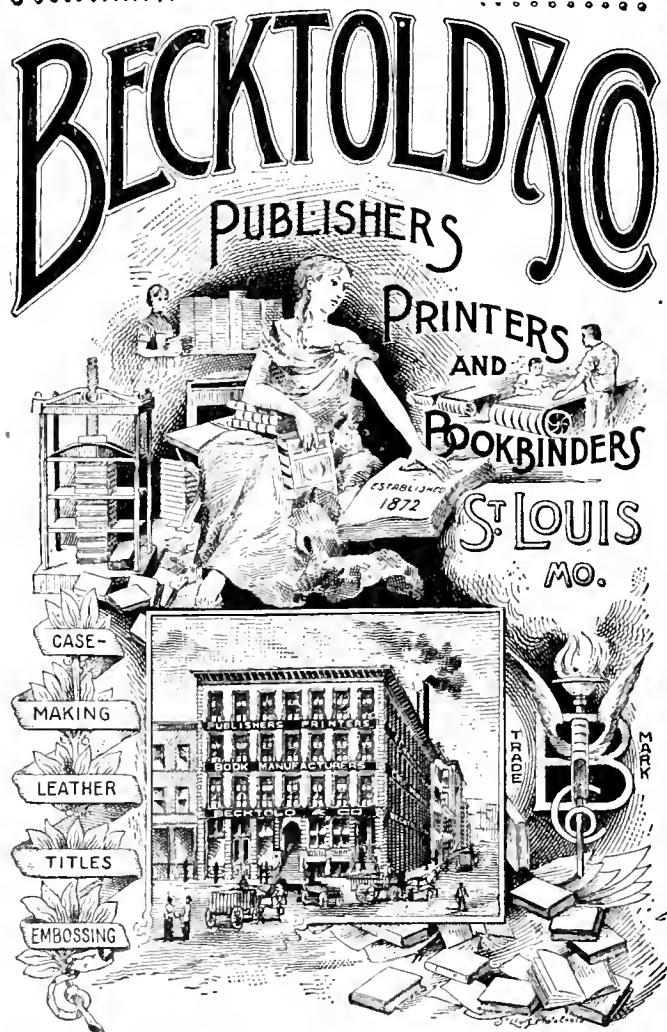
Designed Expressly for the  
Education & Elevation  
of the Young

GEORGE Q. CLEMONS,  
EDITOR.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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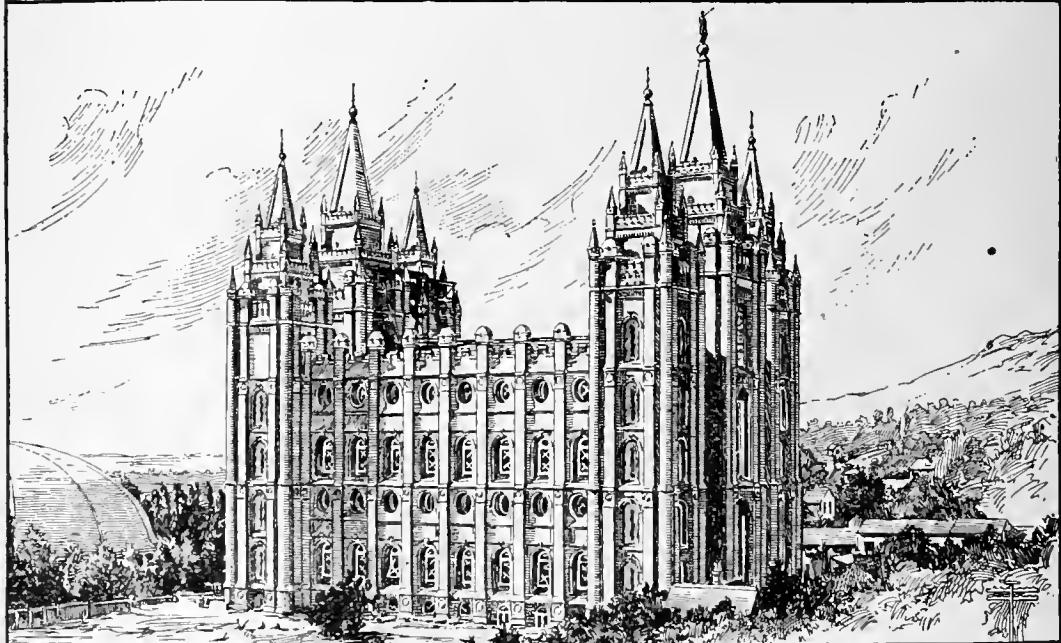
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1893.

No. 13.

## THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

### XII.

FIFTH BRANCH (*Vermes*) CONTINUED.

WORMS AND THEIR KINDRED (CONTINUED).

THE most highly developed worms, those having a segmented structure clearly defined, constitute a separate

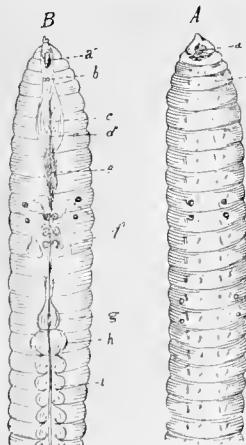


Fig. 1. The Earth Worm (*Lumbricus terrestris*) magnified. *A*, view of ventral surface; *a*, mouth; *s*, sete arranged in four rows; *B*, internal organs as seen after removing ventral wall; *n*, mouth; *b*, ganglia; *c*, pharynx; *d*, pseudo-hemal vessel; *e*, gullet or oesophagus; *f*, reproductive organs; *g*, crop; *h*, gizzard; *i*, segmental intestine.

partitions. The mouth is situated on the first segment, and leads into the alimentary canal which extends the entire length of the body, enlarging in its

course to form the stomach. For a few segments on either side of the thirtieth, the earth worm shows an external swollen band, of pinkish color; this is known as the *clitellum*, and marks the region of the reproductive organs. (This is shown at *c* figure 2). On the under

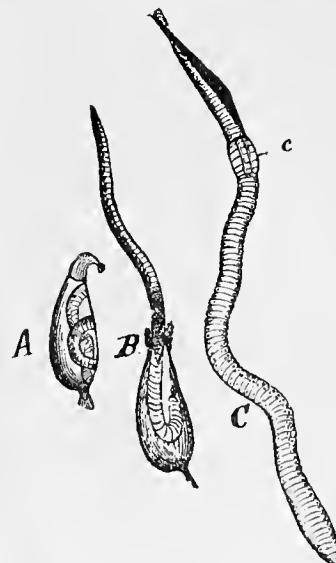


Fig. 2. Earth-worm (*Lumbricus terrestris*). *A*, egg containing two young (magnified); *B*, worm escaping from egg (magnified); *C*, adult worm, natural size; *c*, clitellum or eingulum.

side of the body there are four rows of bristles or setae; four being attached to each segment. These are directed backward, so that the worm in moving thrusts the front part of its body forward, then holds firmly by pressing the

setæ against any fixed support and draws the remainder of its body along.

These bristles may be distinctly felt if an earth-worm be allowed to crawl upon the flesh, or if it be drawn between the fingers from tail to head. The eggs of the earth-worm are protected within a tough case or capsule. Figure 2 shows such an egg capsule, and the worm in different stages of development.

Earth-worms are mostly nocturnal or night-feeding in habit; though occasionally specimens may be seen by day, especially if the ground be moist. They are exceedingly timid creatures, and even at night when taking their "outing" they rarely protrude more than three-quarters of their length, their tails being kept within the burrows; and the least disturbance causes them to make a hasty retreat. Heat and dryness are fatal to earth-worms. Though in summer they live near the surface of the ground, they carefully close the entrance to their burrows; and in the winter time they descend below the frost line, hollowing for themselves a chamber at the end of the burrow within which several of them often hibernate in company.

These worms live mostly upon decaying matter in the soil, though they have been known to attack living plants, and even meat. The earthy matter taken into their bodies along with their food is rejected in the form of casts, which may be observed accumulated on the surface of the ground where worms abound. The service rendered by earth-worms in thus bringing new materials from great depths to spread upon the surface is not generally understood. Charles Darwin, who spent much time in the study of earth-worms, tells us that in places the material brought by worms to the surface amounts annually to ten tons

per acre. Besides bringing new soil to the top, the worms carry down with them great quantities of leaves, and in this way still farther enrich the soil. Stones and other loose objects are in time effectually buried through the burrowing of worms; and indeed, observation has placed the fact beyond a doubt, that to these humble workers is to be attributed the preservation of many extensive ruins and works of art.\*

*Leeches* constitute a special order of worms, the sucker bearers (order *Discophori*).

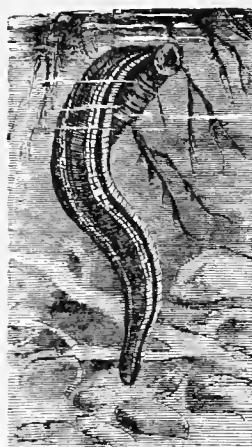


Fig. 3. The Medicinal Leech.  
(*Hirudo medicinalis*).

Most genera of leeches are aquatic; and all are addicted to the habit of sucking blood whenever opportunity allows. In the common leech of our Utah streams, as also in the medicinal leech of Europe (figure 3) the mouth is surrounded by a flat disc or sucker, and a similar attachment is noticed at the opposite end of the body. Our local leeches vary from two and a fourth to four inches in length; they are

\* Charles Darwin says: "When we behold a wide, turf covered expanse, we should remember that its smoothness on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly leveled by worms. It is a marvelous reflection that the whole of the superficial mould over any rich expanse has passed and will again pass every few years, through the bodies of worms. The plow is one of the most ancient and one of the most valuable of man's inventions, but long before he existed, the land was in fact regularly plowed and still continues to be thus plowed by earth worms. It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organized creatures."

generally of an olive green color, with reddish markings and black spots. The creature can lengthen and shorten its body within wide limits. Though the leech belongs to the class of annelids or segmented worms, no outward markings indicate the internal divisions; the ring-like folds seen on the surface of the body not corresponding to the segmented division, so that it is necessary to dissect a specimen to demonstrate its structure. An examination of figure 4

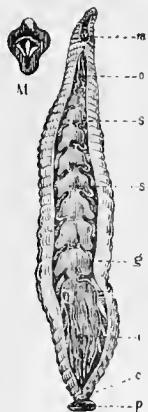
will aid in this. The mouth of the leech is provided with three sharp teeth, by which the creature is able to easily penetrate the skin of its victim (see M figure 4). Leeches have long been used in surgery for the purpose of drawing blood from the affected parts. A hungry leech placed upon the skin soon cuts its

skin with three

teeth; they are a considerable amount shown enlarged at of blood, and this too in M. o., esophagus; s., stomach; g., the an almost painless man-skin; i., intestine; ner. As the worms c., posterior open- become torpid when sucker. they have gorged them-

selves, it is usual to place them in weak brine after the operation is over; this acts as an emetic and makes them hungry again.

Most of the medicinal leeches are reared in France, where in some swampy parts regular leech farms are maintained. To feed the worms, old and worn-out horses, and cattle of inferior kinds are driven into the swamps, where they soon die from loss of blood. This may seem a cruel pro-



ceeding, though it is consoling to know that the animals so sacrificed probably suffer but little. To capture the leeches, men wade with bare feet and legs into the swamps and pick off the worms as fast as they attach themselves to the skin. It is said that the leech collectors soon become sickly through loss of blood, yet the method still continues in practice.

In India and the neighboring islands, land leeches abound, and there they are regarded as a formidable pest.\*

Travelers in those parts say that they have been driven from the woods by the

\*Sir J. Emerson Tennent has given us an interesting and a reliable account of these pests in Ceylon: "Of all the plagues," he writes, "which beset the traveler in the rising grounds of Ceylon, the most detested are the land leeches (*Hemadipsa ceylonica*). They are terrestrial, never visiting ponds or streams. In size they are about an inch in length and as fine as a common knitting needle; but they are capable of distension till they equal a quill in thickness and attain a length of two inches. Their structure is so flexible that they can insinuate themselves through the meshes of the finest stocking, not only seizing on the feet and ankles but ascending to the back and throat, and fastening on the tenderest parts of the body. \* \* \* In moving, the land leeches have the power of fastening one extremity on the earth, and raising the other perpendicularly to watch for the victim. Such is their vigilance and instinct, that on the approach of a passer-by to a place where they infest, they may be seen amongst the grass and fallen leaves on the edge of a native path, poised erect and prepared for their attack on man and horse. \* \* \* Their size is so insignificant and the wound they make is so skillfully punctured, that both are generally imperceptible, and the first intimation of their onslaught is the trickling of the blood, or a chill feeling of the leech when it begins to hang heavily on the skin from being distended with its repast. Horses are driven wild by them, and stamp the ground in fury to shake them from their fetlocks, to which they hang in bloody tassels. The bare legs of the palanquin bearers and coolies are a favorite resort; and as their hands are too much engaged to pull them off, the leeches hang like bunches of grapes around the ankles. \* \* \* Both Marshal and Davy mention that during the march of troops in the mountains, when the Kandians were in rebellion in 1818, the soldiers, and especially the Madras Sepoys, with the pioneers and coolies, suffered so severely from this cause that numbers perished."

worms; and the naturalist Semper declares that a regiment of English soldiers was compelled to retreat before the literally bloody attacks of these leeches. Land leeches are quite active, and when they scent blood they hasten toward the spot with surprising speed. Figure 5 shows their method of travel.

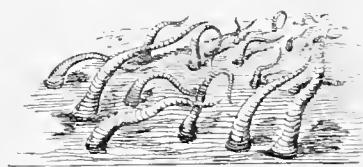


Fig. 5. Land Leeches of India traveling.

The *Marine Worms* belong to the order *Polychaeta*, so called in consequence of the numerous appendages which spring from the segments of the body.

Figure 6 shows the *Nerites*, commonly called the *Clam-worm*. As many as two hundred joints have been counted in

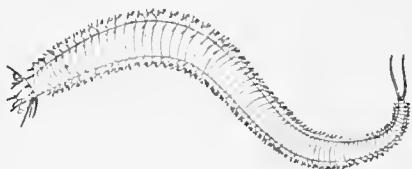


Fig. 6. Clamworm, a marine species (*Nerites pelagica*), two-thirds natural size.

a single specimen. The head bears a number of bristle-like feelers, called *autennae*, there are two pairs of eyes, and the entrance to the mouth is guarded by two large, sharp teeth, which are borne upon an extensible proboscis.

Some kinds of sea worms form for themselves tubes of calcareous matter, many individuals living together, thus forming a colony, though each possessing its own tube.

Figure 7 represents a group of *Serpulae*, as an example of this class.

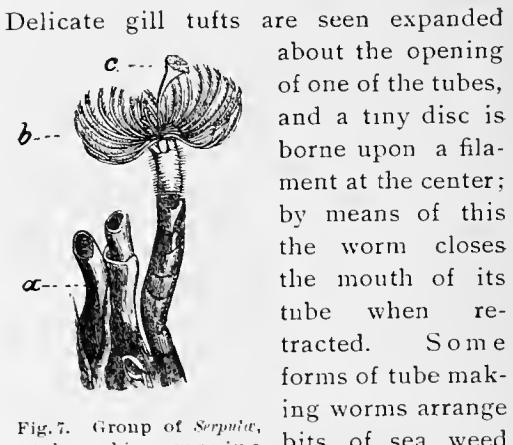


Fig. 7. Group of *Serpulae*, tube-making marine worms. *a*, tube; *b*, the expanded gill tufts; *c*, the operculum or door with which the tube may be closed.

Another tube worm, literally a tube-builder, is the *Terebella* (figure 8), which does not secrete the material of

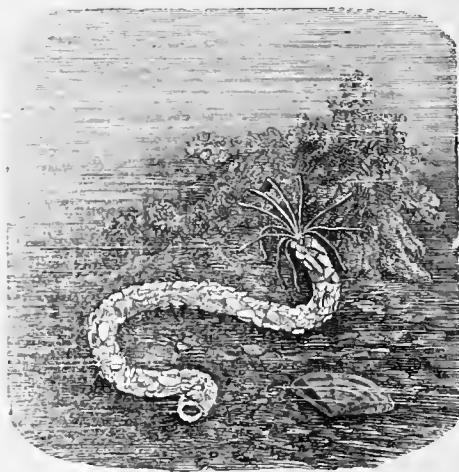


Fig. 8. A marine tube building worm (*Terebella*).

its covering as a portion of its body, but constructs a house by cementing together grains of sand, and bits of shell and stone. If such a worm be deprived of its shell, it immediately proceeds to make another; and its mode of work can be closely watched. As

before explained, this class of the animal kingdom, *Vermes*, including the worms, has been made the receptacle of many forms of doubtful affinity.\*

An interesting class of animals placed among the worms for want of a better location, comprises the *Rotifers* or wheel animalcules (class *Rotifera*), which are abundantly represented by numerous species in the fresh water and in the ocean. They are rarely more than 3-100 of an inch in length, and consequently

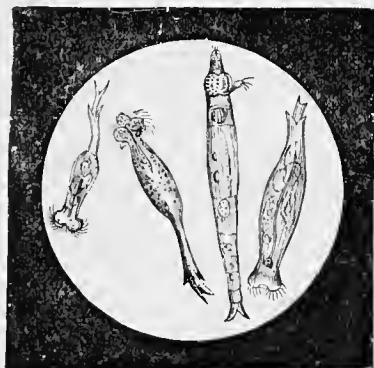


Fig. 9. Wheel animalcules or Rotifers, (highly magnified).

can be observed only by means of the microscope; but owing to their transparency, with such aid, the internal anatomy may be clearly made out. Figure 9 may serve to convey an idea of the general appearance of the animals of this class; and figure 10 shows in greater detail the structure of one of the common rotifers, or wheel bearers.

\* "Under the general designation of Worms naturalists at present group a number of Metazoa, which differ considerably among themselves, and exhibit on the one hand very simple, and on the other somewhat complex plans of organization; the assemblage is indeed, hardly anything else than a zoological lumber room, from which, with the progress of research group after group may be expected to be removed."

Dallinger's Carpenter on the Microscope.



Fig. 10. A Wheel-bearer, or *Rotifer* with expanded wheels. *d*, ciliated discs; *e*, eye-spots; *t*, jaws and teeth; *o*, alimentary canal; *i*, inclosing mass about the canal; *w*, tubes of water vascular system; *c*, cloaca or termination of intestine; *m*, muscular fibres; *T*, tail with telescopic joints.

Upon the anterior end of the body the rotifer bears one or two discs surmounted by numerous cilia or hair-like outgrowths, which during the animal's period of activity are kept in almost ceaseless motion, producing the optical illusion of revolving wheels, and hence the name "wheel bearers" or "wheel animalcules;" the scientific name "rotifers" perpetrates this error.

The rotifer's mouth is a funnel-shaped opening situated near the "wheels;" it leads into a muscular sac which is provided with a complicated set of teeth;

oesophagus, stomach, and intestine are clearly discernible; and there are hepatic follicles serving as a liver. So tiny though it be, the rotifer possesses a highly complex organization. The eyes are readily recognized as prominent spots on the head. The tail portion is composed of telescopic segments which give power to lengthen or retract its body; so that a single individual can assume very varied forms. Rotifers increase by eggs; and Ehrenberg, the pioneer microscopist, found that a single individual produced sixteen millions of young in less than two weeks. Though generally aquatic in habit, rotifers are capable of enduring long periods of dryness; like other animals already described they may remain for years in a seemingly dead state, and then resume activity when the necessary moisture is supplied. The writer has revived speci-

mens from mud which has been kept in a dry state for over four years.

The *Moss Animals* (class *Polyzoa*) abound on most sea shores. From their



Fig. 11. A moss animal or polyzoan.  
(*Flustra foliacea*).

branched structure they resemble mosses and corals, indeed they are often gathered and presented under the name of sea-weeds and sea-mosses.

Figure 11 shows a beautiful form.



Fig. 12. A polyzoan, (*Pumatella repens*), with zooids in different stages of expansion.

This structure is in reality a numerous colony of animals, each tiny orifice being the entrance to a tiny single habitation. From these openings, tiny tentacles and cilia may be protruded. By the aid of muscular fibres the animal

can retreat itself fully. Mouth and other parts of an alimentary canal are present.

Figure 12 shows another marine polyzoan, one individual being fully expanded, others partly so and one entirely retracted. The zooids or individual animals multiply by budding, and also by eggs, the latter method producing free swimming young, which after a time settle down to found fixed colonies.

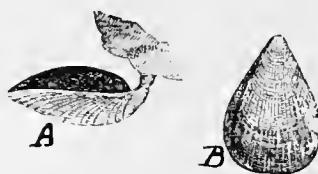
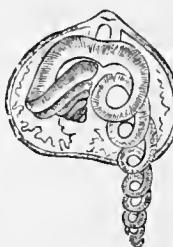


Fig. 13. Lamp shell (*Terebratula septentrionalis*).  
A, side view of shell attached by penitacle to stone; B, front view of one valve.

Though the polyzoa are mostly marine, some fresh water forms are known.

We come now to a class of so-called worms which forms shells very much



like the shells of mollusks, (class *Brachiopoda*).

From the general shape, (see figure 13) suggesting the ancient flat lamp, some of them have re-

ceived the name of *Lamp Shell*. The shell is composed of separable valves, which, however, are never equal, but each valve can be divided into exactly equal halves, in these respects the brachiopods differ from the mollusks. The name brachiopod means arm-footed, and is given on account of the long arm-like organs which lie usually coiled (see figure 14) on either side of the mouth cavity.

These can be but slightly protruded from the shell if at all, but as they

bear the tentacles they are useful organs in the labor of securing food.

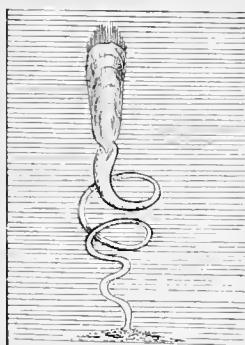


Fig. 15. The Tongue Shell, a brachiopod. (*Lingula pyramidalis*), penduncle partly coiled anchoring the animal to the sand.

gone ages, many of the rocks of Utah abound in fossilized remains of their shells.

J. E. T.

#### NOTABLE INSTANCES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

##### My Samoan Experience.

*Editor Juvenile Instructor:*

My last letter closed with us at the little island Aunuū, getting ready for our trip around the island Tutuila, which is eighteen by five or six miles, and is inhabited by 3,500 natives, and possibly seven whites. I shall long remember packing my satchel for my initial trip as a missionary. Naturally enough, I thought I should have an extra suit of clothes, an odd shirt or two, some books for reading when I might tire of religious works, a pair of Sunday shoes, and numerous other articles, which I soon learned, after packing my satchel a mile or so, could be done without.

Brothers Dean, Beesley and myself

left Aunuū in Manoa's small boat, and after having some little trouble in getting through the breakers, we arrived on Tutuila, at a small harbor where not a house could be seen, nothing but forest. I confess it looked the picture of desolation, and I felt a little—well, that is not exactly at home. I thought of the good and free-from-care times the boys and girls have at home, with no responsibility. We each cut a large stick to carry our satchels on our shoulders as a Chinaman does his baskets, and we were soon marching single file through the dense forest, then on the sandy beach, where the ever-rolling waves would play at our feet, so close was the narrow path to the ocean. We stopped several times to rest and relieve our aching shoulders of their burdens. It's surprising to realize the difference in weight of one's load from starting and ending a journey.

Just before reaching the village we came to a rock wall, which we afterwards learned is built to keep the tame pigs in the village, and in some cases to keep out the wild boar. This wild pig is found in great numbers in all the forests of the islands, and they have been known to steal in a village at night and kill their more domesticated brother and destroy quantities of vegetables. This wall encircles the village, and in walking through the quiet forest and arriving at one of these walls, we always know a village is near.

While making our final rest before entering the village, we went in the thick brush a few paces from the path and engaged in prayer, and how sweet was the influence there! Surrounded by Nature's most beautiful vegetation, and a soul-inspiring stillness prevailing, lent solemnity to the occasion, and a feeling I never forgot. Here let me

also say that during my entire mission, I always received a greater degree of encouragement through prayer than in any other way.

We were soon in the village and inquired for the chief's house, with whom we were acquainted through our branch at Aunuu. You should have seen the natives stare at the sight of three white men, with knapsacks on their backs; such a sight they had never seen before. They soon forgot their cricket and gathered around us as close as they could. White men generally, and especially missionaries, who visit the natives are seldom if ever seen carrying their own satchels, hence the villagers were doubly anxious to know who we were.

We were kindly received by our brother Leatao, who was a chief of some consequence. He needed only to speak once to the crowd that followed us to his house. It is really surprising to note the influence a chief has in his village. Why, not a native, except other men of rank, would even stand within fifteen or twenty feet of the hut; if they came any nearer they would sit down or walk in a bending position; and in the house they would never pass in front of any person without first asking pardon.

They first made "ava" for us. It is a drink made from the root of the ava tree, and is always given to callers of importance as a welcome of the village to them. The root is sometimes chewed, but not so often as it used to be; it is also grated and quite frequently beaten on a large bowl-shaped rock until like sawdust. They then put it in a wooden bowl of water and strain the kernels or grains in a bushy lot of a tree bark tied together, with which also they squeeze all the strength out of the ava

by wringing with their hands. When every little bit of ava is taken out of the water it is ready to drink.

The *tulafale* (head talking man) then calls out the names of those to drink, while one of the two or three who prepared the ava will pass a cupful to each. Custom does not compel you to drink, but it is a grave breach of respect if you do not touch the cup and pass it back. Ava is full of medicinal properties, but when used too strongly, as it is sometimes by the natives, it is quite intoxicating. They next made taofolo for us. Tao means to cook and folo to swallow, and the way they can eat it is truly amazing. One would think they verify the meaning cook it and swallow it without any chewing. It is breadfruit, cooked, which is just like dough, mixed with sea water.

They soon resumed the cricket, save a few of the dignitaries, who came in to entertain us, and to hear an explanation of what we were preaching. They were all, comparatively speaking, pretty thoroughly conversant with the Bible, as it had been, though not so much so now, the only book they had to read. When the London Mission's representatives went there, back in the '30's, they, finding no written language on the islands, set about forming one from sound. Before many years they had the New Testament translated, and soon afterwards the Old Testament, thus making the Bible complete, which work is a lasting monument to their untiring efforts. I might state, too, that this forming the language by sound by different missionaries in different groups of islands accounts in numerous cases for the difference in consonants used to express about the same sound throughout the South Seas. Take the Sandwich Islands, Society Islands, New Zealand,

Friendly Islands and Samoa, and you find about the same sound in all for some consonants, which are illustrated differently, according, of course, to the best judgment of the translators. But simmered down to foundation and one tongue is found to be spoken in different dialects throughout all these Lamanitish groups, a very significant proof, I think, of the origin of the people.

But to return to the village Alao. The few chiefs in the house listened attentively to what Brother Dean said (as yet Brother Beesley and I could say but a few words). We would sit with our note-books and write down as many new words as we could catch distinctly, and then refer to our dictionary for definitions, which we compelled ourselves to memorize. By this means we heard less new words every day, and could soon follow the conversation. But when we commenced to talk and say the words we had learned, then we encountered the difficulty of pronouncing correctly. It is one advantage to understand, but far greater to talk a foreign language. My mind often reverted back to when I with others would laugh at the endeavors of "new comers," in testimony meetings at home; but when I stood up and had those ignorant natives laugh at me, I firmly resolved never again to ridicule a person on account of his pronunciation.

During the entire afternoon the whole village it seemed played at cricket. They are less one-sided at their games than are we; they have the entire village turn out; everyone old enough and not too old to hold a bat indulges, and they play from daylight till dark, one half of a village against the rest, or one village against another village.

In the evening the chiefs came to have prayer with us, after which we

had supper, and on looking around the little village it was a beautiful scene. We could see in every hut the family gathered around the fireplace, singing or reading or praying, seemingly unconscious of all surroundings. This grand custom is followed in almost every household on the islands. I doubt if as much can be said of us.

Our brother's wife, a Catholic, who afterward joined the Church, spread our mats, and we each hung our separate mosquito nets, and with satchels for pillows we soon shut our eyes on our first day's experience of missionary life.

*Ejay Wood.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### CONFessions OF JOHN JEFFERSON JONES.

FROM HIS PRIVATE JOURNALS.

JUNE 22nd, 1886—I didn't go that night, because Tom Carter came for me to go hunting, I wouldn't have gone with anyone else, but I've been wanting a chance for a long time to take the conceit out of that fellow. He's thought nobody in St. George could shoot but him, but he had reason to change his mind yesterday. He only got a cotton-tail, and duck, a mud-hen and a sand-piper, while I bagged thirteen quail at one shot, and three ducks at another. I didn't try shooting again, for fear I might spoil my record.

Well, I mustered up courage, and went over to see Lucille this afternoon. It was her birthday—I had forgotten that—and she had just got back from a ride down to the Washington field with her father. They acted real sociable. After awhile Lucille asked me if I'd like some ripe currants and apples, and we went down into the garden to get some. Then all at once I asked Lucille why she was mad at me. She said she wasn't

mad, why should she be? I told her I knew something was the matter, and had been ever since the day of the school picnic, three years ago. "Well," she says, "I'll tell you what was and is the matter, if that is what you mean. You smoked a nasty old cigarette, right before me, when I was your partner. You did it in company with that Jim Mills, whom everybody thought bad, and who has proved it to be true, by turning out to be a common thief. I didn't believe that such things were right, and I don't believe so now, and I wanted to show you that I didn't. That is why I acted as I did, and have kept on doing so. That is the reason why I shall continue to act in the same way, unless you leave off your bad habits, and do as you ought to do."

I wanted to argue these points a little, and I began in fun: "Why, you little preacher, you are just like you always were."

"And always will be," she said, in a very decided way; "you needn't try to argue the question," she went on, "you have some habits which are very bad. You smoke, which is a very dirty, disagreeable habit, and will make you sick. You drink sometimes, which is a habit too low-down to talk about, and makes a man worse than a brute. You go into bad company, and I have even heard you swear. What would you think if I were to do such things?"

I had never thought about it in that way, and I didn't know what to say, but I managed to blurt out, "I couldn't even imagine such a thing, Lucille!"

"Haven't I as good a right to act that way as you?" she asked.

"I guess you have, so far as the right is concerned. But you wouldn't, girls never do, they are better than boys."

"But they ought not to be. Boys

ought to be ashamed to acknowledge such a thing. I believe that boys ought to be just as good in such things as girls, and I think girls should not go out with nor associate with boys who are not as good as themselves."

I knew all she said was true, and I didn't have much to say for myself, especially when she said she didn't believe I was naturally bad, and that she thought I would make a good man yet, if I would only try and break myself of these little habits. I have tried to quit smoking a good many times, and I told her so, but somehow or other it didn't last.

"Do you belong to the Mutual?" she asked. I had to confess that I was not a member.

"How do you spend your evenings?" was the next question.

I didn't want to answer it, but she looked at me so straight, I felt as if I had to.

"Oh, loafing around with the boys, mostly."

"What boys?" came next.

"Oh, any of them, all of them."

"What do you mean by loafing?"

"Doing nothing in particular."

"But you must do something to amuse yourselves."

"Oh yes, we sing sometimes, and tell yarns—and—"

"And play cards?" she asked.

"Yes, once in a while."

"And you never study or read when you are loafing."

This made me laugh. "Not much, I'm afraid," I answered. Such a girl as she is to worm a secret out of a fellow.

"Well, now Johnnie," she has never called me Johnnie before, and it made me feel kind of good to hear it. "Now, Johnnie, let me tell you something. I want to tell you because I have always liked you and been interested in you, and I want you to make a good man of

yourself. I know you can if you'll only go at it the right way. What you want is to get interested in something that is good, and then you won't have time to waste on all these silly things. What do you want to be when you're a man?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes I've thought I'd like to be a doctor, or a dentist, and then I think what's the use of trying to be anything. I don't see much use in living."

"Oh, don't! you" she said; "that's because you don't know anything. When you learn a few things that I know you'll change your mind."

"How shall I learn these things," I asked, hoping she'd say she'd teach them to me. But that ain't Lucille.

"Same way that I did," she answered. "Go to Sunday School and Mutual."

"Oh, I can't! I went once and it was the stupidest old thing. Charlie Cunnington got up and talked a full hour about some folks who were always fighting, killing each other off. Then Tom Carter got up and chaffed about drinking tea and coffee, and I'll bet anything he drinks it all the time. I never went again."

"That was also because of your ignorance. If you'd gone long enough you'd have found out that those people used to live on this land, and were the ancestors of these Indians around us. And if you'd have taken the trouble to enquire you'd have found that Tom Carter was explaining the Word of Wisdom, a revelation given by the Lord Himself to Joseph Smith. But perhaps you don't know who Joseph Smith was?"

"Yes I do," said I, kind of flaring up. "I learned all that at Sunday School when I was a little fellow."

"So much the better. Now I'm going to tell you a little about myself. I have made up my mind to be a teacher, and

I'm going to begin by going to Provo."

"No!" I kind of gasped. It pretty nearly took my breath away.

"Yes, I am; pa promised I could this morning. I am going there to school three years, and then I'm going to teach."

I can't begin to say how miserable this little bit of news made me feel. Suddenly a bright thought came into my mind, and I said:

"Oh I wish I could go, too!"

"I wish you could," she replied, "but you havent been to school much lately, have you?"

"I've been a good deal, but somehow, I never liked it much, I didn't like the teachers, and I couldn't learn much."

"That's it," said Lucille, I'm afraid you are not far enough along to enter the Provo school. I shouldn't like you to go and have to come back."

I confessed that such a thing would break me all up.

"I tell you though," went on Lucille, "you go to school here a year or two, and study hard, and then you can enter well enough. And if your father sees you are in earnest he'll let you go, never fear."

"But," I fretted, "I want to go while you're there."

"Nonsense! You must be more independent. Everybody has to stand on his own merits there; I couldn't help you much."

"I expect you'd be ashamed of such a fellow?" I asked, for I really felt concerned on this point.

"I'm afraid I should," she replied quite seriously, "unless you were different from what you have been."

I'd had about almost all I could stand by this time, and was beginning to feel pretty huffy. I hardly know what I said, but it was something like she needn't fear that I would ever disgrace her or anybody else. She didn't get a

bit mad, but said she hoped not, and when I started home she asked me to come again. I don't feel as though I am a bit nearer to being good friends with Lucille than I was before; yet I am glad I went. I believe she likes me, and only wants to do me good. I know I like her better than anybody else, unless its ma, and better than I ever did before. Let's see, what is it she wants me to do? To be just as good as she is. I never can be that, because she never did anything bad in her life, and you can't drive nails in a board and pull them out again without leaving a hole. Well, I can be a whole lot better than I have been, and I'm going to be. Lucille shall never be able to say again that she's ashamed of me.

September 1.—I've quit smoking ever since I wrote that last, and I'm going to begin school today. Think that's pretty good for a starter. Lucille has been gone three weeks. I went to see her before she started. She made me promise to go to Sunday school and join the Mutual while she is gone; so I'm going to take that dose next week. I asked Lucille to write to me. She said she wouldn't have time to write many letters, but if anything happened that she thought I'd be interested in she'd let me know, as if I wasn't interested in everything that she says and does.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

#### CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS No. 22.

##### OFFICE OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF EDUCATION.

*Quarterly Meetings of Church School Boards.*—All Church School Boards are respectfully requested to furnish the undersigned the calendar for their

regular quarterly meetings during the coming academic year.

*Mutual Recognition by Church Schools:*—To further assist in the attainment of our high aims, it is suggested that any *duly certified* student, when changing from one Church school to another, should be admitted into the corresponding grade without examination. Cases of certificates not warranted by efficiency should be brought to the knowledge of the undersigned.

*Religion Classes.*—The importance of the establishment of Religion Classes throughout the various Stakes of Zion is becoming more apparent, and the attention of the Stake Presidencies and of the Stake Boards of Education is respectfully called to the circular of the First Presidency, dated Oct. 29th, 1890, and addressed to all Presidents of Stakes and Bishops. That circular is republished in General Circular No. 7, pages 12-14. In order to systematize this work more effectually, blanks for Annual Statistical Reports of these classes will be sent to the various Stakes. The undersigned would appreciate it very highly, if he could obtain the name and address of every duly appointed Stake Superintendent of Religion Classes, so that he could place himself in communication with the latter, for the purpose of assisting in the movement.

*Annual Church School Convention and Examination of Church School Teachers.*—All persons attending either the Convention or Examination, or both, will be entitled to the same privileges in railroad rates and accommodations, as will be extended to the students to the Summer Institute, due announcement of which will be made by Prof. Benjamin Cluff, Jr.

By order of the General Church Board of Education.

*Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Gen. Supt.*

THE  
**Juvenile Instructor**  
 GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1893.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**Mohammedanism in America.**

THE first number of the *Moslem World*, has been issued in New York. The editor is Mohammed Alexander Russell Webb. The object of its publication, is to make plain the tenets of Mohammedanism, that is, religion founded and taught by Mohammed. Mr. Webb is an American. He was formerly United States Consul at the Philippine Islands, where he became a Musselman: that is, a convert to Mohammedanism. He is now founding a publishing house at the city of New York for the printing of Mohammedan tracts, and, it is said, he will soon have a Mosque (place of worship) there. He is anxious that the American people should understand what Mohammed taught, what he intended to accomplish, and what he did accomplish. He intends to distribute a good many tracts free, and others will be supplied at exactly the cost of publication and postage. In the building where the paper is published there is to be a free library and reading room, which will be open from nine o'clock in the morning to ten at night, where the public will have access to the works of prominent and learned Mohammedans, which have been translated into English.

The Mohammedans of India have organized and subscribed large sums of money for the purpose of spreading their

faith to all parts of the world. They have written a circular which is published in various languages, and has been translated into English, in which they call upon all "true believers" to arouse themselves and send in subscriptions in money for the purpose of spreading their faith. They call to their attention the energy and zeal of the Mohammedans of old times, and contrast their conduct with the indifference of later generations. They ask, "But look at their exalted spirit and our falling back; their enthusiasm and our coldness of heart! How long will this continue? It is now quite imperative that we must awake from this sleep of apathy."

The circular then goes on to describe the conversion of Mr. Webb, and his zeal and energy, and says, "he desires, if God so wills, to lead the caravans of his people into this straight, right path, and is fully occupied in his efforts to carry out this purpose. The continent of America is intently waiting for a call to Islam, even as a thirsty man waits for water when suffering intensely from drought. It waits only for a signal with the hand. It is sanguinely hoped that, God's will so ordains, Islam will not take long to spread throughout the continent of America.

"Oh, brethren of Islam! this is the time for putting forth all your manliness and all your earnest efforts. We shall now see what results the enthusiasm now aroused will give and to what heights the warmth of faith, now awakened, will carry the promulgation of Islam. It will also be seen who will endeavor to acquire a record of good deeds in the register of their deeds.

"God should be praised and thanked because some of the leading people of Bombay have organized a special committee for the purpose of giving effect

to the proposed propaganda. The names of its members and officers are given below.

"One of the objects of this committee is to send a few learned people of Islam to America with Mr. M. A. R. Webb, who shall spread the faith of Islam. And after their arrival there they should call upon the people to embrace Islam in accordance with the ordinance of the majestic verse: 'Call to the path of your Lord with wisdom and good admonition.' Religious books are to be translated; a weekly paper, bearing on these matters, is to be issued, and a library charitably opened there containing religious books so that the people there may derive benefit from them.

"Any contributions to the funds, from such as are disposed to assist in this good undertaking, will be deposited in the Bank of Bombay to the credit of the trustees of the funds. The contributors will receive receipts and be kept informed concerning the work from time to time. Bombay has been fixed upon as the headquarters of the mission. Mr. Hajee Abdulla Arab has been nominated as the manager on behalf of the committee and Mr. Syed Abdul Rahim Kadri has been co-operating with him in Hyderabad, Deecan. All funds intended for the work are to be sent to Mr. Hajee Hashim Abdulla Nurani, the treasurer, who will give receipts for them."

Mr. Webb announces that it is his "firm purpose in publishing the *Moslem World* to place religion taught by the inspired prophet of Arabia before the English-speaking world, in its true light."

He says, "I am honestly and sincerely of the opinion that Islam, and Islamic laws engrafted upon our social system, will prove a blessing of inestimable value, and a corrective of those evils

which are sapping the life of our domestic institutions, and with which Church—Christianity seems powerless to contend."

For a very great number of years the so-called Christian churches of England and America have been sending troops of missionaries to convert the Mohammedans of Asia. Their efforts have not been successful, but now Mohammedans say, "Since you have not been able to convert us, we will try and convert you."

It will be very interesting to watch the efforts which will be made by Mr. Webb and his friends in their missionary labors among the people of England and the United States.

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#### LEONARD'S STEPMOTHER.

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##### 1.

"HELLO, Len, what makes you so glum? Look like you'd lost your best friend."

"Guess you fellers would look so, too, if you was me," answered Leonard very soberly as he thrust his hands into his trouser pockets and heaved a deep sigh. "Boys it's come at last."

"What's come?" asked Will, Carl, and Frank in chorus as they eagerly gathered round their play-mate.

"Guess," said Leonard who was not so anxious to unburden his secret now that he had aroused their curiosity.

"Has your dad said you couldn't play with us fellers any more?" asked Will.

Leonard shook his head and then Carl asked: "Got to go to the Agricultural College in Logan?"

"I'll give it up. Tell us, Len, or we'll not wait to hear," exclaimed Frank impatiently, picking up his bat and turning on his heel.

"Hold on a minute, and I'll tell you. Well, when I went home to dinner today, Susan was dressing up the children, and she said to me: 'Here, young man, come an' put on your best clothes 'cause your pa's comin' home to day with a—.' Now boys, I know you can guess?" and Leonard stopped short.

"A stepmother," shouted the three boys. "Didn't we tell you so."

"Len, I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything," said Frank. "My! wont that stepmother make him trot. He'll have to say good-by to fishing and base-ball, won't he boys?"

"Oh, no, I'll not," exclaimed Leonard flushing with anger, "no woman can boss me, and I'll make that step-mother sorry she ever came here. I know you boys have often warned me that this would happen, but I didn't believe you 'cause I thought papa had more sense than to do such a shameful thing."

"Well, what's to be done?" asked Carl. "We must help our chum out of this scrape, boys, if we can. Let's think of some way to tame this step-mother in, so that Len won't have to give up his fun for her. The first thing to do is to show her you're the boss. Come an' sit down and we'll talk it over."

Late that afternoon, Leonard, who had been waiting for his father to go off first, walked boldly into the sitting-room to meet his new mother. The sight that met his view somewhat daunted him. In his mother's favorite rocking chair sat a fair, beautiful girl of about twenty. She had brown, wavy hair, eyes of purest blue (so much like his mother's), and rosy lips which looked tempting enough to kiss. In her arms was baby Joe who was being cuddled to her heart's content. Nellie and Vera clinging about her smothering the fair

face with kisses. On seeing Leonard she held out her hands pleadingly and said in a low musical voice which to the boy sounded like sweet music:

"Is this the dear boy whom papa is always praising. We shall soon be fast friends, I know, for I am a great lover of boys. Come here, dear, and let me get a good look at you."

Those kindly words went right to Leonard's heart and for a moment he forgot all and was about to rush to her side, and give her a good sound kiss, when his eye caught a glimpse of something which brought back all his bitter, angry passion. On her finger was his mother's diamond ring.

"Me loves 'ou, mamma," lisped baby Joe.

"You're just the sweetest mamma that ever was,"

"No, she's not," cried Leonard with angry tears, "and I hate her."

Turning at the door, he asked: "How dare you come and take poor mamma's place, and wear her things? You'll be awful sorry soon," and after muttering this dark threat Leonard ran away to his own little den, as he really did feel very badly, and his young heart was full of pain and resentment as he lay thinking what wicked things stepmothers were and planning how he could run away and never come back again.

Finally he fell asleep only to dream that this new mother was bending over him and kissing his tear stained cheek. She seemed to be saying: "Poor little fellow! He looks so sad, but I will soon win his love."

Leonard awoke with a start, and there sure enough was that terrible stepmother who smiled lovingly upon him when he opened his eyes, and then whispered. "Leonard, my boy, who has been filling your mind with all those

foolish falsehoods about step-mothers? Oh, my child, try me before you condemn and if we cannot agree, then say what you will. I do not wish you to feel that I am taking your mamma's place, but let me be your auntie. I do not blame you for feeling pained, I think I would feel somewhat the same; but try to overcome it and bear with me. I want to be your friend. I have a nephew Charlie, who is just your age, and I would like you two to get acquainted. He calls me Aunt Meg. Will you do the same or would you prefer just Meg?"

But Leonard stifled the feeling within which seemed bent on making him obey that gentle voice, and buried his face deeper in the pillows and stuffed his fingers in his ears lest he should hear any more and be tempted to yield.

Meg said no more but went away feeling that she made very little impression on that strong, young will.

"But I'll conquer him yet," she told herself resolutely. I will not give up until I do. But it is going to prove a hard task I fear.

She said nothing to her husband, as she thought it best to keep it to herself, for the boy surely could not hold out long. Alas, false hope! The days that followed were the most trying of her life. The boy once having determined on war grew more disagreeable as day by day he fanned the flame of his resentment into fiercer heat. Gentle and loving as was the new mother to Leonard she was hateful because he looked at her through hateful eyes.

Meg felt almost distracted. She found herself growing pale and nervous, and many times was on the point of handing the boy over to his father, but as many times relented.

In his papa's presence Leonard was all that could be asked for, but no

sooner was Mr. Garton out of sight, than the boy would commence to try Meg's patience to the utmost. He got Nellie and Vera into all sorts of scrapes, and taught them to be rebellious and saucy. He turned the house topsy turvy, and ordered the hired girl about so much that finally one day when everything had seemed to go wrong, she marched into the dining-room where Meg sat trying to amuse baby, who was unusually fretful, and with flashing eyes declared she wouldn't stand it any longer.

"I am goin' to leave right 'this minute. The old nick's in that horrid boy, and it would kill me to put up with his pranks another day."

In vain Meg begged Susan to remain if only long enough for them to find some one to take her place. Baby was sick and it might be weeks before they could get help. But Susan's temper was roused and nothing could induce her to stay.

So Meg was left alone with the washing to finish, dinner to get, cross little Joe to mind, and forced to put up with Leonard's insults and malicious temper. By night the girl felt completely used up and was glad to go to bed, leaving Gerald to undress the children and put things in order as best he could.

Next morning Meg awoke feeling all out of sorts. Another day like the last one and she would go wild.

"Oh, Gerald, take Leonard with you today," she said, as her husband was about to leave for his office.

"No, dear, that would never do, I couldn't leave you without any help. Isn't Leonard almost as good as a girl?" patting the little fellow on the head as he spoke.

"No he is the trial of my life," cried Meg, crossly, driven almost to despair at

the prospect of another day of torture with this dreadful child. "You must take him. I won't have him here."

"Well, well, I am surprised in you," answered her husband in a cool tone of displeasure which cut Meg to the heart. "I did not think you could be so unjust. Perhaps you had better send the little ones off for the day until you feel in a pleasanter frame of mind. But in the future please try to refrain from such unkind remarks in their presence at least.

"Will you go with me, son?"

"No, papa, I'd rather stay home."

"Very well, pet," and pressing a kiss upon his boy's brow the father walked off without so much as a nod to poor Meg who stood white and dazed at those cruel words. Her mute eyes full of surprise and wounded pride followed his form until out of sight, then she turned away with an aching pain at her heart.

"You see papa always takes my part," said a mocking voice, and there stood Leonard smiling exultingly. "He won't let you abuse me, if you are an old step—

"Hush," commanded Meg, sternly. "I have stood all I intend to from you, sir. Henceforth, remember that I am mistress here, and you shall obey me. If you are determined to have a step-mother who is strict and harsh, very well, you shall not be disappointed. I have begged, pleaded, and reasoned with you, all to no avail. I see I have made a fatal mistake."

Then with the air of an insulted princess Meg left the room. When alone in her own chamber, all her fortitude gave way and she laid her aching head down on the pillow and wept.

"Oh, husband, husband," she moaned, "how could you be so cruel! And all because of that awful boy. He did not

even give me my parting kiss and left me in anger. Oh, I cannot endure it any longer! I am going home to mother. That boy will be the death of me."

Poor Meg! your happy dream has met with a sad awakening.

*Katie Grover.*

#### A HOMELY GIRL.

Or all the trials and tribulations inflicted on mankind, the hardest lot I think, is that given to a homely girl. I speak from experience. Dear me, if any one knew what I have suffered, still suffer, daily and hourly, from the consciousness of—there is no use discussing the fact—being homely, actually homely: but no one knows. I have two pretty sisters, which of course, makes the matter worse for me; for with them for a background—they are both older than myself—of course my plainness stands out in bolder relief.

I was often told in my childhood that I was no beauty, not by dear mother; she always says when I complain of my looks, "Handsome is that handsome does," but it never used to trouble me in the least when I was a child. It's not until lately, the last two years, that it has dawned on me what a great affliction it is.

I am seventeen years old, without the slightest prospect of marriage and its more than likely that I shall die an old maid. Now of course it's not at all womanly to acknowledge, and indeed I wouldn't for all the world, let on to any one that this troubles me in the least. But it does. Now girls can make as many pretensions about that as they please, but I know it's about one of the first things a girl thinks about when she begins to get a glimmering of sense, that is, when she begins to feel that she

is grown up. I know its the case with me, and I don't think I'm so very much different from other girls; I have thought about it a long time, very seriously. I really don't think there is any harm in that, nor that the Lord disapproves of it. I must here state, that I'm a Mormon girl raised and born in Utah, and that I try to be a good girl, actually think that I would be if I were only pretty. I really think it must be the easiest thing for pretty girls to be good. Why, it seems to me that I should be so grateful to God for having made me good to look upon, that from sheer gratitude I would ever try to please Him. As it is, I'm often hateful and mean just because I feel that I have not been blessed like others; and of course I know that being hateful does not make me any more attractive.

But I got away from my subject, marriage. I have often heard the brethren, good and wise men, too, exhort the young people to marry; and how can anyone enter into so solemn thing without first having thought the matter over often and thoroughly; but as I said before, I would never let a soul dream of it, that I ever thought about it in any way.

One of my sisters is happily married and settled in life and she has got the best of husbands. They have two babies, and she is very happy. I don't believe there are two such children anywhere else in the world. I am very fond of children, and can't help thinking that it must be great happiness to possess such two, or three, or four, for that matter, of one's own. I don't like girls who have no love for children; I don't believe they are right good girls. I can play with my sister's children for hours and not get tired of them; perhaps it's because they are too little to

look at me with disfavor on account of my plainness. They never seem to notice that my mouth is so large and my eye so small, nor that my nose tends upwards. Little Mabel, who is three years old, often puts her arms about my neck and says: "Oh you lovely aunt Emma!" It almost makes the tears come to my eyes for very gladness to think that there is some one in the world finds me lovely.

My other sister is not married, but she always has so many beaux that there is no doubt she will be soon. I never had a beau in my life. Of course I have had boys take me to dances and theaters often enough, but I fancy it's from a sense of duty, or pity perhaps, or because Lucy, my sister, has refused them, and the mere suspicion of this embitters my pleasure and makes me feel surly. Lucy and I don't agree very well; she has always tormented me about my looks, and I believe she is a dreadful flirt. Mother says that's very wrong and I believe so, too. My mother is an extra good woman and she must have been very pretty in her young days; she is so now, though her face is becoming wrinkled and her hair is quite gray.

I wonder very much what I shall be like when I grow old.

There is an old lady lives down by the school-house, I don't believe I ever saw any one so cross and ugly in my life, and Lucy often tells me that she is the very picture of my future self. Wouldnt it be dreadful if I should be like her?

Well, I don't know why I've written all this about myself. Perhaps I have it in me to become a great writer and so distinguish myself in that way; then it won't matter about being homely. Dear, how I love that story of Andersen's

about the ugly duckling; it just suits my case; that is, if I develop into a swan mentally.

Lucy asked me the other day if I had been bitten by a mad author and become writing mad, the way I scribbled on and wasted paper and the precious time. Now it aggravates me that she can't let me enjoy even so small a thing as writing in peace. I told her, not very kindly either, just what I thought of her. She only laughed at me, and that irritated me still more, and I was as cross and hateful all afternoon as I could be. I'm sorry to say we often have these little spats, but it's all Lucy's fault.

I have learned something new; something that I never thought of before, something that has comforted me a great deal. We had Y. L. M. I. A. Conference a month or so ago, and one of our visitors from Salt Lake, the sweetest and loveliest woman I ever saw, in the course of her remarks to the girls said something that opened my eyes to my own position at once. I have often heard the sisters get up and talk about the beauty, grace and loveliness of the girls of Zion, and it has always vexed me very much, because I knew that I could not be included among them, as I'm neither graceful nor lovely; and if God so delights in beauty and loves what is pretty, why hasn't He made us all lovely? But Sister L. told us that it was within the plainest girl's reach to be lovely and charming. That was something for me, and I never enjoyed anything as I did her words after that. She said in substance that the greatest charm of a woman was an amiable and sweet disposition; that those who possessed it, were they ever so plain in looks, could not but be lovely in the sight of others. Now, I never thought of that before, and all of a

sudden it occurred to me how very unlovely my own disposition is, and I wondered if that was what made people like me less than my sisters, or was it really their beauty, which is no credit to them. I couldn't help look at the speaker, who is a middle-aged woman; but I could not discover any beautiful features in her face, yet she really is as lovely as I have ever seen anyone before. I came to the conclusion it must be her disposition, then, that made her thus charming, and I resolved then and there to imitate her. I went down in the back of our garden that night and prayed to God that He would help me overcome my cross, surly ways and let me become charming and lovely. I have often, very often, begged and implored the Lord, with bitter tears, to make me pretty; I thought there was no harm in that, seeing that He has said for us to cast our sorrows on Him; and this has really been the sorrow of my life. But of late I have not prayed about it, as it seemed of no avail; but hope entered my heart again when I heard Sister L. speak. The day after our conference Sister L. came down to visit my mother, but she and Lucy were both out, and I begged her to remain, as I did not think they would be long. She stayed, and I gained courage by her kind ways to turn our conversation on the subject nearest my heart, and she talked to me so confidentially that I could just speak without the least embarrassment, and told her all about how I had prayed to God for beauty and how dissatisfied I was with my looks. She smiled, but reproved me kindly for being dissatisfied with what the Lord had given me. "Think, if He had made you blind, deaf or hump-backed," she exclaimed once, and then continued: "Besides, I think He has

made it within your own power to become a great deal more attractive if you desire to be so." How eagerly I asked her to tell me how I could become that.

"Well," she said, "you have told me that your disposition is not all that could be desired. First of all, then, try to become gentle and amiable to your surroundings. Never allow your temper to run off with you, and then begin to look carefully after the body God has given you."

I asked her how, and she continued, a little hesitatingly:

"You complain of not being graceful in figure or manners, but you can remedy that yourself. Swinging your arms like a windmill when you walk does not add to the beauty of those limbs, and your walk tells me that your shoes are too small. You cannot expect to walk gracefully with a pair of shoes a size or two smaller than they should be."

I blushed dreadfully, I know, for that was a home thrust. I had been pinching my feet to have them look small. I ventured to say something about my figure not being very good, and she smiled again.

"Take off your stays, my dear, and allow your body to develop properly; get some books on hygiene and physical culture, and try gymnastics every day; that will also help your complexion, which, by the way, suggests that you indulge your appetite too much. Eat less freely of sweets and meat, more of fruits and vegetables, and observe other hygienic laws, and if after a year your complexion has not improved wonderfully I'm not a true prophet."

Wouldn't I gladly live on prison fare for a year if that would help my face any; and as for gymnastics, why, I practice every day now till the perspiration rolls off my brow. I went right to

work and made me a suit for that purpose, and I've improvised a trapeze and other arrangements.

Lucy held up her hands in the greatest amazement, and asked me if I had now decided to become a tight rope dancer instead of an author, when she caught me performing in a lively manner one morning early. It was just on my lips to tell her it was none of her business when fortunately I remembered about my disposition. So I smiled only and said nothing, which I think quite surprised her, for she looked very much alarmed at me and went away without saying any more.

I've also borrowed some books on hygiene and physical culture, and study them very diligently. And then I delighted my mother's heart very much by telling her one day that I had decided not to wear stays for a whole year. She came up and kissed me, and said she wondered what had made her girl so sensible, and told me she had also noticed a decided improvement in my temper. Somehow I felt ashamed to tell her that I was trying to become charming, and said I was trying to be good.

Lucy and I have got on better of late, and perhaps it was not altogether her fault that we always quarreled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### A SKETCH OF MY EXPERIENCE.

I WAS born at Soham, Cambridgeshire, England, on the 20th of November, 1844. My parents were in good circumstances, and nothing of any note troubled or disturbed the peace of our happy family until the spring of 1849, when the Latter-day Saints, or Mormons, as they were commonly called, made their appearance in the town,

began holding meetings, and preaching the gospel as taught by our Savior when He was here on earth.

My mother on hearing about the Mormon missionaries attended their meetings, and became very much impressed with the truth of the message they bore. Her growing interest in the newly-established Church brought forth bitter anger and countless reproaches against her, not only from my father, but from her parents as well. They thought she was bringing great disgrace upon the family, and my father became so enraged about it that he finally brought our former minister to talk with her, and together they labored long and diligently to persuade mother to retrace her steps and leave the detestable doctrine alone.

The minister's efforts were all to no purpose, however, for mother continued her attendance at the meetings, and very soon became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. At this the anger of my father and also my mother's parents knew no bounds, and they insisted that she either stop going to the meetings of the Saints or seek another home.

The cruel choice between religion and home and husband now lay before my mother, and must have proven a very trying one to her aching heart. Her faith in the hereafter, however, proved stronger than all earthly ties, for she clung with tenacity to the doctrine she had embraced and knew to be right.

Previous to this time my father and mother had lived together in perfect happiness, peace and quietness pervading our home; but now, oh, how sadly were things changed! My father, in his uncontrollable rage, beat and abused the wife he had loved so tenderly before, and for no other reason except her belief in the truth of the gospel as

taught by what he considered the horrid Mormons. "Join anything, but keep away from them," he would often say, his bitterness against them was so great.

I had great cause to love and respect my mother, as every child should do, and often wept at seeing her beaten and otherwise cruelly treated by my father.

Daily his anger grew more intense, until one morning in a fit of rage he commanded her to either renounce the Church forever or leave the house. Upon her refusal to comply with the former, he opened the door, and with her entreaties ringing in his ears, unrelentingly shoved her into the street, a homeless outcast.

Poor mother, with a baby in her arms, and myself, the oldest, clinging to her skirts, bent her steps toward my grandfather's, leaving the other child, my younger brother, with father. My grandparents having always been very kind, we felt assured of a welcome from them; judge, therefore, of the bitter disappointment when we met nothing but angry reproaches, and were refused even the shelter of the house.

This was indeed a sad blow to my grief-stricken mother, with two little children, and no place to lay her head. Turned like a criminal from the doors that should receive her with such gladness. We felt very downcast, indeed. No one seemed to have any sympathy for us, as but few had possessed sufficient courage to join the Church, even though their convictions pointed toward that channel, on account of the bitterness existing against it.

My mother at length found shelter for the night with a family who had joined the Church, and all who have ever been placed in like trying circum-

stances will understand with what gratitude it was accepted.

My mother now had no one except her Heavenly Father and her own weak efforts to rely on; accordingly, early the next morning with me by her side, and the babe held closely in her arms, she bent her steps toward the city of London, to seek, as many have done before and since, on its crowded thoroughfares, in stifling shops or well-filled factories, a penny to buy a loaf of bread.

I remember how I pled with her, between my sobs, with tearful eyes, not to go to London, where we might starve, but to return to my father, and live as we had done previous to our trouble. Her answer was: "No, my boy, never will I give up what I believe to be the truth; no, not for all the homes of this world."

In due time, after many hardships, we reached the great city, with its throngs of people, many of whom seemed to be in as sad a plight as we were, without friends or money. Mother had three sisters living there, all in good circumstances, and amply able to aid us without the least inconvenience. After some little search they were found; but as letters from my grandparents had imparted the home news, and bitterness as well, we found no welcome, but from each place were coldly turned away. Not knowing what to do with two children in a large city, mother at last persuaded one of her sisters to give me shelter until she was able to provide a home for me.

To see her and my little brother going away was a great trial for me, and filled my painfully throbbing heart with unspeakable grief; but there was no help for it.

Mother wandered about several days, living very poorly, obtaining a little

food as best she could, until she obtained work at a tailoring establishment, and although the pay was small, and the hours that she sat at her needle work very long and tedious, it was more than acceptable, as it furnished support for herself and little one. In all this trouble the Lord blessed her with a cheerful heart, and she toiled diligently on, fixing up her little room to be quite comfortable and homelike, and after a few weeks had slipped away, to my great joy, took me to share her humble lodging, which was poor indeed compared to the home father had made for us, but we felt very happy in it.

I soon began to want to help my mother, thinking it probable I might do something to lighten her labors; so one day we started out to look for a situation for me. After looking for some time we saw a card in a shop window, reading, "A boy wanted." When we applied the proprietor looked at me and smiled, saying I was "too small," but gave me a penny. After trying several places mother obtained a situation for me at a stationer's. My duty there was to watch the news stand outside from eight o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening, for the sum of two shillings and sixpence per week—sixty cents—mother to board and clothe me. I can assure you, though, I felt very proud to take my week's wages home to my mother, small as the amount was. Nor was I alone in my pride, for well I remember how the tears ran down her dear face as she kissed me and said, "God bless you, my boy." I think that was one of the happiest evenings of my life.

About this time a branch of the Mormon Church was established at Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, London, called the Hagerston Branch, and

again my mother had the privilege of meeting with those of her own faith. This caused her to feel more cheerful and happy. But soon a new trouble arose; my father made his appearance in London and began to harrass and annoy mother with constantly trying to persuade her to renounce the doctrines he so detested and return with him to their home. As she persistently refused, his persecutions became almost unbearable, until one day he tried to take me to my old home by force. I made a vigorous protest against this indignity, and, with mother's assistance, came off victorious.

This affair caused me much trouble of mind, for as yet a little spark of love and respect for my father remained, and it seemed very strange that my parents, who once lived happily together in our village home, should now be enemies.

Mother became very much alarmed lest father should again try to take me away, and it was a source of great anxiety, as I had become her great friend, companion, and helper. She therefore sought for me other employment, finding it at a druggist's. My duty here consisted in keeping the place clean, running errands, and sometimes working at the mortar. I found it an agreeable change, my hours shorter, the work less tedious, and my remuneration six pence per week more. My master also made me little presents of clothing, that I might appear neat and tidy in the shop. I worked at this place for some time; my master was very kind to me, and I became much attached to him. By some means my father again learned of my whereabouts, and though I did not like to leave, mother thought it safest for me to change.

I next commenced to work at a tailoring establishment on Bishopgate Street, as

an errand boy, getting the same wages as formerly. My master soon increased my wages to three shillings and six pence, for which I was extremely grateful. The lady of the house was also kind and good, often giving me a basket with nice food in to take home to my mother, and occasionally articles of clothing, that were found very useful.

About this time my mother became desirous that I should be baptized, after talking to me on the subject, and at last arrangements were made with one Brother Owens, President of the Hagerston Branch, who baptized me. This was in April, 1853.

Mother was still afraid of father taking me away from her, and one day asked me how I would like to go to Utah. The idea was very pleasant indeed, as I thought it would be fine to ride on the train and the ship such a long, long way, little dreaming of the hardships I would have to pass through, and of the lonesome time away from mother in a strange land. I readily signified my desire to go, and mother immediately began saving as much from her earnings as we could possibly spare to pay my fare.

Many sacrifices were required before the desired amount was obtained, and when it was finally accomplished, and the goal of our thought and desire within reach, mother's heart failed her at the thought of separation. In despair she would say, "My boy, I cannot let you go after all. I may never see you again." Then she would cheer up and say, "We shall not be long parted. I shall soon follow you."

In the spring of 1855, arrangements were made with a gentleman coming out to take care of me. At length the time arrived for me to take leave of my

mother and go alone way over the stormy sea.

On the morning of the 6th of April, 1855, after a sad, sad farewell, I took the train from Euston Station for Liverpool, and on the 12th of the same month we sailed on the *Samuel Curlin*, for New York, landing in safety after a voyage of thirty-one days. This was the first ship load of Saints to land at that port. We traveled by rail to Pittsburg, from here to St. Louis by boat, then to Atchison, or Mormon Grove, as it was then more commonly called. The city of Atchison, Kansas, with its fine buildings, as it now stands, could hardly be associated in one's mind with the wild timbered county we saw then.

We left the grove early in July, the company consisting of thirty-four wagons, mostly drawn by oxen. Moses Thurston was Captain.

I found it very hard crossing the plains, and began to think more seriously of mother and my brother in London, almost wishing I was back with them, though many of the brethren were very kind to me. On the 19th of September we arrived in Salt Lake City. The brother I came out with moved into the county north, leaving me in the city. However I fell into good hands. Brother George Openshaw who lived in the Nineteenth Ward, took me in for the winter, and was indeed kind to me, though I was too small to help him much. That year the grasshoppers had taken nearly everything, so he had very little for his own family, but as long as the flour lasted I shared it with them. Very often though we went hungry, living for days together on the few segos we could dig on the bench. Not very nourishing, surely, to a famishing boy, but nevertheless highly acceptable then; nothing else could be obtained.

I well remember one day, as I was digging over the potato patch, to see if I could not find some potatoes that had been overlooked and lain all winter, when I heard someone calling me. I looked up and saw Mrs. John Haslam, a neighbor, who was motioning for me to go to her. To my great surprise and unspeakable joy, she gave me two large slices of bread and some meat. None but those who have suffered the gnawing pangs of hunger can realize how delicious was the taste of that food. It was the most thankfully received of any present I ever remember being the recipient of.

Thoughts of mother, brother and home now began to crowd thick and fast on my lonely little heart, and many a night my pillow was wet with tears, as visions of the happy fireside and well filled table of the days long past floated through my mind. I had grown thin for want of food, my clothing had become nothing but rags, my feet had been bare for months, and I must indeed have been a pitiable sight to poor mother, if she had been permitted to gaze on her forlorn boy.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THERE is a rosebush at Hildersheim, in Hanover, that was planted more than a thousand years ago by Charlemagne in commemoration of a visit made by an ambassador from the Caliph Haroun al Raschid. The bush is now twenty-six feet high.

"No, he's no better," said a woman, when the doctor came to visit her husband. "You told me to give him as much of the powder as would lay on a ten-cent piece. I hadn't a ten, but I gave him as much as would go on ten ones, and he's worse, if anything."

**ADAM=ONDI=AHMAN.**

[A short lecture, delivered by request, to the Second Ward Sunday School, Ogden City, May 28, 1893.]

*My Fellow-laborers in the Sabbath School:*

As you are aware, I have been requested to deliver a lecture, and in it to tell you in fifteen minutes all that I can about Adam-Ondi-Ahman. I need not tell you, that but very little can be said by me on this intensely interesting subject, in so short a time. The most that I can hope to do, is to stimulate in you a spirit of research, and to acquire through diligent study a greater knowledge on this important subject than I can impart at this time.

Adam-Ondi-Ahman possesses a deep, and abiding interest for every Latter-day Saint, whether young or old, whether living or dead, for it is destined to become in the future what it has already been in the past, viz., one of the most important places in the land of Zion, in the winding up of the "dispensation of the fullness of times." Around that holy hill clusters many sacred memories of some of the grandest events and sublimest scenes that were ever witnessed in early times by the Ancient of Days and a portion of his immediate descendants; and similar scenes will be again witnessed, on a larger scale, by them and many others, in the future unfolding of the latter-day work, before the Redeemer shall again descend from heaven to reign on the earth with all His Saints of the former and of the latter dispensations.

In a revelation contained in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 78, page 20, we are told that "Son Ahman" in the pure language "signifies God." Hence we here discover the name is sacred.

Adam-Ondi-Ahman is located in a beautiful valley, in Daviess County,

Missouri, through which flows majestically the Grand River. Previous to receiving its present name the place was called "Spring Hill" by some of the Saints who first located there. Adam-Ondi-Ahman was the name given by the voice of the Lord through Joseph the Seer, the reasons for which will be given later in this brief lecture. The place is located in a bend of Grand River, on a high bluff, which is composed mostly of limestone rock. It is situated in a most beautiful part of the State of Missouri, and it is said to be exceedingly rich and fertile, as much so as any land on this continent.

It is a wild, romantic, but lovely spot of earth. It is about thirty miles north of Far West, which is in Caldwell County, and some five miles from the old town of Gallatin. The bluff or hill of Adam-Ondi-Ahman is thought to be about one hundred feet above the river bottom, and is covered with a heavy growth of timber. A spury ridge extends from the main line of the land into the river bottoms for a distance of several hundred yards. The hill is located on the north side of the stream, which flows down from the north-west, and at this point makes a curve and runs to the north-east for several miles, and then curves again and flows to the south-east.

The record of the discovery informs us that on the brow of the bluff stood the old stone altar which was found by the brethren who first went into that locality. And according to the account given of it by persons who frequently visited it, it was about sixteen feet long, by nine or ten feet wide, having its greatest extent north and south.

The altar was about two and a half feet high at each end, and rose gradually higher to the center, which

was between four and five feet high, and the whole of the surface was crowning.

This is a brief description of the altar as it appeared when first visited by the Saints in Daviess County. It has since been thrown down, either by the rude hands of vandals or by action of the elements. Nothing now remains but a heap or mound of crumbling rocks, mingled with earth, and a few large boulders, to mark the spot which is so rich in valuable historic incidents. One of our missionaries,\* who visited the place some five years since, says: "The mound or ruins of the ancient altar on the top of Adam-Ondi-Ahman hill measured thirty-six feet in diameter. A large number of rocks, fragments of which, no doubt, were once part of the altar, lie scattered all around. Immediately north-west of the mound stands a large hackberry tree, while a small ash and black walnut shade it from the south east."

On or near the site of Adam-Ondi-Ahman there was formerly erected a log-house, which was owned and occupied by Apostle Lyman Wight. The house has been repaired, additions are made, and it has been converted into a farm-house, which at last accounts was occupied by a widow named McDonald. I do not know at exactly what period the Mormon people who first went into Daviess County discovered the sacred mound, but I think it must have been in the early part of 1838, for in the History of Joseph Smith, the Prophet says: "On May 18, 1838, I left Far West, in company with Sidney Rigdon, T. B. Marsh, D. W. Patten, Bishop Partridge, E. Higbee, S. Carter, Alanson Ripley and many others, for the

purpose of visiting the north country and laying off a Stake of Zion, making locations, and laying claims to facilitate the gathering of the Saints, and for the benefit of the poor, in building up the Church of God." On the 19th of the same month, having arrived at Spring Hill, the Seer of the Lord received a revelation, in which the Lord named the place Adam-Ondi-Ahman, "Because," said He, "it is the place where Adam shall come to visit his people, or the Ancient of Days shall sit, as spoken of by Daniel the Prophet." (See Doctrine and Covenants, Section 116.) The following is the matter referred to in Daniel vii, 9-14:

"I beheld till thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of Days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool; his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as the burning fire.

"A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him; thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him; the judgment was set and the books were opened.

"And I saw in the night visions, and behold one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory and a kingdom, that all people, nations and languages, shall serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall never pass away, and his kingdom that which shall never be destroyed."

Here it was in that beautiful place that Adam and some of his children assembled anciently around the altar to worship God, to offer their prayers and sacrifices, and received the companionship of heavenly messengers, and were

\*Elder Andrew Jenson.

instructed by them in the plan of life and salvation. It was there the Prophet Joseph tells us, that he saw our father Adam in the valley of Adam-Ondi-Ahman. He also tells us that there, three years before his death, he called together the patriarchs Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch and Methuselah and their righteous posterity then living in the above named valley, and while bending beneath the weight of the cares of nearly one thousand years, gave them his last blessing. While thus engaged the Lord Himself appeared from heaven and stood among them. These sons of Adam rose up and blessed him, and called him "Michael, the prince, the Arch-Angel." The Lord also blessed Adam and said: "I have set thee to be the head—a multitude of nations shall come of thee, and thou art a prince over them forever."

On this day the Holy Ghost was poured out upon Adam so copiously and so powerfully that he predicted whatever should befall his posterity down to the latest generation of time. In this same valley the Ancient of Days will come again, and so will the Lord Jesus, when the kingdom shall be fully established, never more to be thrown down, but it will stand forever.

On the 21st of May, at this place, the Prophet Joseph called a council of all the brethren who were with him. At this meeting it was decided to travel no further north at that time, but to secure all the land they could between there and Far West for settlement and cultivation. Shortly after this a Stake was organized. Elder John Smith, the Prophet's uncle, was chosen president, and Elders Reynolds Cahoon and Lyman Wight were chosen his counselors. A High Council was also organized, and Vincent Knight was

appointed to temporarily act as Bishop.

On the 8th of July of the same year the Prophet received a revelation in which the authorities of the Church then at Kirtland were commanded to settle up their affairs in that place and to take their journey to the west without delay. The following is an extract from the revelation:

"Is there not room enough upon the mountains of Adam-Ondi-Ahman, and upon the plains of Olaha Shinehah, or the land where Adam dwelt, that ye should covet that which is but a drop, and neglect the more weighty matters?"

"Therefore, come up hither unto the land of my people, even Zion." (Doctrine and Covenants, Section 117.)

The people gathered to that place in great numbers. The Stake grew and flourished. The Saints increased, and under their industrious and frugal habits the wilderness was soon converted into fruitful fields. The Lord made the "solitary places to bud and to blossom, and to bring forth in abundance." Pleasant homes were erected and the Saints were happy. But this state of felicity was destined to be of but short duration. The spoiler was on the alert, and laying plans for the destruction of the peaceable, law-abiding people; and ere the year was ended their enemies had wrought much ruin and death among them. When the fierce persecution broke out against the Saints in Far West, in Caldwell County, it soon extended to the settlements in Daviess County, which included Adam-Ondi-Ahman. The Saints there fell victims to the deadly hate of the bloodthirsty mob. They shared the fate of their co-religionists in Caldwell and other counties. Their sacred precinct was invaded, their peaceful homes were

ruined. The people were robbed and despoiled of their hard-earned possessions. They were driven out without mercy, and many of them perished through the hardships and fiendish cruelties inflicted upon them by the ruthless mobocrats. These wretches laughed at the pains and mocked at the sufferings of their victims. While on their way to Daviess County, the mob took two of our brethren prisoners and mistreated them. They scorned and derided them. They mounted them on a cannon, and made them ride on the instrument of death. They told them they intended to "drive the Mormons from Daviess to Caldwell, and from Caldwell to h—ll."

It was on the 27th of October, 1838, that Governor L. W. Boggs issued his infamous order in which he said: "The Mormons must be treated as enemies and must be exterminated or driven from the State." He issued orders to General Clark and others to raise men and the munitions of war necessary to consummate his savage behests.

The history of the expulsion of the Latter-day Saints from the State of Missouri and their subsequent settlement in Nauvoo, Illinois, is familiar to the Saints generally, as also is their privations, sufferings from exposure, and the death of many who fell by the way.

After the people were expelled the lands of Adam-Ondi-Ahman reverted back to a wilderness, in which condition they have remained till the present day, and in that condition they will doubtless continue until the Lord shall again open the way and furnish the means by which His servants shall return and redeem the country, and prepare for the day when the Ancient of Days shall again descend from heaven and gather

his children around him to enjoy a glorious feast and a rest. This the Lord has promised to do. And to this end that His people might be strengthened to pass "the tribulations which shall descend upon them," He showed them that their tribulations were necessary for them. He said: "That you may come up unto the crown prepared for you, and be made rulers over many kingdoms, saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Zion, who hath established the foundations of Adam-Ondi-Ahman, who hath appointed Michael, your prince, and established his feet and set him on high, and has given him the keys of salvation under the counsel and direction of the Holy One, who is without beginning of days or end of life." (See Doctrine and Covenants, Section 78: 15, 16.) In anticipation of these glorious events, you and I often sing, I trust with the Spirit and the understanding also,

Hosanna to such days to come,  
The Savior's second coming,  
When all the earth in glorious bloom,  
Affords the Saints a holy home,  
Like Adam-Ondi-Ahman.

*Joseph Hall.*

"PAPA," said Harry, as he looked at his new baby brother, "I wish there were seven more, because with him and me and seven more we'd have a baseball nine."

PARTIES out deer-hunting ran across an old ruin on the top of the highest mountain, nine miles north of Phoenix, Arizona. It is of stone, and some of the walls are still standing ten feet high. The old building or buildings covered an area of about two acres of land. The large stones around the place are covered with hieroglyphics.

# Our Little Folks.

## YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

### Our Guardian Angels.

I AM quite sure our guardian angels are not far away from us. I will relate several things which have happened to me that justify me in thinking so.

Last spring a boy about my age invited me to go for a cart ride with him. When we reached the corner the boy turned too short and tipped the cart over, and the horse started to run. I fell first, and the boy fell on me. My foot caught in the cart some place, and I was dragged some distance before my foot was loosened.

I got quite a few bumps on my head and a few scratches, and was unconscious for an hour; but in a few days I was all right again.

Last spring our cow had a calf, and one evening when it was about a week old my papa was working in the barn and the cow and her calf got out. Papa asked me to put her in, but when I attempted to do so she thought I was after her calf. She started after me and was hooking me all over the ground. Papa heard me screaming, and he ran after the cow to get me away from her. He thought he could not get me away from her alive; but he succeeded in doing so. I was up the next day.

These things convince me that our guardian angels are always near to us, and I believe they will continue to guard us from harm as long as we are prayerful and obedient to our parents. I know many times when I have not done things I have been told to do by my parents some trouble or injury was sure to come to me.

*John P. Smith. Age 9 years.*

LOGAN, CACCI, CO., UTAH.

### A Useful Dog.

I WILL tell you a true story about a dog. In the spring of 1861 my grandpa Winsor bought a water spaniel pup. They lived in Provo at that time. The pup was about the color of a cinnamon bear. His hair was curly, so they named him curly.

In the fall grandpa and family were called to Dixie. They came and brought the dog with them, and settled in Grafton.

The next spring when it got warm weather the dog seemed so uncomfortable grandma thought she would shear him. Not knowing how to use sheep shears, she used tailor's shears instead. His hair seemed so nice she thought she would save it. It grew so fast she sheared him twice a year from his nose to his toe nails.

When she would get through shearing him he would go capering around the yard, scaring the chickens until they cackled; one rooster in particular was so frightened he would squat down and scream, to the amusement of the children.

In four year's time grandma got enough hair from the dog to make twenty-four yards of jeans. After she had made the cloth she still sheared him, and got enough to make a large lounge cover.

*Luther M. Winsor. Age 9 years.*

ST. GEORGE, UTAH.

### A CHRIST-LIKE ERRAND.

THE day after the battle of Fredericksburg, Kershaw's brigade occupied Mary's Hill, and Sykes division lay 150 yards ahead, with a stone wall between the two forces. The intervening space between Sykes' men and the stone wall was strewn with dead, dying, and

wounded Union soldiers, victims of the battle of the day before. The air was rent with their groans and agonizing cries of "Water! water!"

"General," said a boy-sergeant in gray, "I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, sergeant," asked the General.

"I can't stand hearing those wounded Yankees crying for water; may I go and give them some?"

"Kirkland," said the General, "the moment you step over the wall, you'll get a bullet through your head; the skirmishing has been murderous all day."

"If you'll let me, I'll try it."

"My boy, I ought not to let you run such a risk, but I cannot refuse. God protect you! You may go."

"Thank you, sir;" and with a smile on his bright, handsome face, the boy-sergeant sprang away over the wall, down among the sufferers, pouring the blessed water down their parched throats.

After the first few bullets his Christ-like errand became understood, and shouts instead of bullets rent the air.

He came back at night to his bivouac, untouched.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

#### THE PRIZE WINNERS.

At the beginning of the present year we made an offer of three prizes for the best stories written by boys or girls under the age of 16 years. During the past six months we have received quite a large number of stories from our young friends in response to our general invitation. Of those who have thus

competed we find the following-named persons entitled to the prizes:

Junius Romney, Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico, first prize: "Life of President John Taylor."

Willard L. Jones, Overton, Lincoln Co., Nevada, second prize: "Story of the Book of Mormon."

Maria Tippetts, Three Mile Creek, Box Elder Co., Utah, third prize: "From Kirtland to Salt Lake."

Among those deserving of special mention for the excellence of their contributions are the following:

C. L. Horne, Farmers' Ward, Salt Lake County, Utah; Mary A. Clarke, Mamie Lewis, Kaysville, Davis Co., Utah; Mabel Snow, Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah; Willard G. Richards, Rufus Johnson, Salt Lake City, Utah; Myrtle Hobbs, Franklin, Oneida Co., Idaho; Mabel Knell, Pinto, Washington Co., Utah; Annie Markham, Spanish Fork, Utah Co., Utah; Hannah Stokes, Elba, Cassia Co., Idaho; Grace Nebeker, Tuba City, Coconino Co., Arizona; Margaret Hunsaker, Fairview, Box Elder Co., Utah; Ella Jones, Overton, Lincoln Co., Nevada.

Some of the stories received are scarcely suitable for publication, not being up to the standard required. We would like, however, to encourage those whose pieces do not appear in the INSTRUCTOR to try again, the practice they receive by so doing will improve their writing and they will be greatly benefited thereby.

#### MORE PRIZES.

For the next six months we make an offer of six prizes for stories suitable to publish in this department of the INSTRUCTOR. Three of these prizes will be awarded, for the three best stories writ-

ten by boys, and three for the three best stories written by girls. This will give a larger number of our young friends a chance to win prizes, and we trust a still greater interest will be taken in the competition.

We again extend a general invitation to all our young readers to compete for these prizes. Each one is at liberty to send as many pieces as he chooses. The awarding will be done at the close of the year, and the names of those winning prizes will be published in the first number of the INSTRUCTOR for 1894.

Following are the prizes offered:

For best story written by a boy under the age of 16 years, first prize a nicely printed and bound book entitled "Famous Boys;" second prize, the "Life of Benjamin Franklin;" third prize, a work entitled "Travels in Africa."

For the best story written by a girl under 16 years of age, first prize, a work entitled "Heroic Women of History;" second prize, "Lives of Celebrated Women;" third prize, "Ben-Hur."

#### QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOGS.

Dogs were first admitted to the court of England in the reign of Henry VIII. Under the present reign three dogs have been elevated to the highest canine dignities on account of their aristocratic families and their own peculiar merits. The names of the aristocratic trio are Marco, Roy, and Spot. Marco is the Queen's favorite, and he used to be very jealous of John Brown. His ancestry can be traced back to the crusaders. He is what they call in England a Pomeranian, and at one of the recent dog shows won the first prize, the mug of honor. The other favorite, Roy, is a collie, and Spot is a fox terrier, with a record of twenty-two rats in a quarter of an hour.

These canine lords have their residences with their special names. Her majesty's dog-palace is divided into three parts, the Queen's veranda, collie court, and umbrella court. The veranda is the principal one. It is a covered gallery around the kennel, and the Queen likes to walk there. Each kennel has a dining-room and a bedroom. The floor of the dining-room is separated from the veranda by an iron grating. It is paved with red and blue bricks, and the furniture consists of a trough, always full of fresh water. The bed-rooms have two large windows generally kept open for the purpose of ventilation, and in a snug corner in each room there is a low bed with a mattress of fresh straw.

Umbrella court gets its name from the big umbrella in the middle of it, under which the dogs can shelter themselves from the sun and rain. A host of servants wait upon the canine nobility, and the Queen is very severe with the officials who do not pay proper attention to her dogs. A chief is provided for them, and his instructions are to vary the menu of the dinners of her majesty's pets and to consult their tastes.

#### A REAL KNIGHT.

A PLEASING sight it was, I do assure you. Not the first part of the scene, for the little maid was crying bitterly. Something very serious must have happened. Wondering, I paused; when round a corner came my knight. On a prancing steed? Wearing a glittering helmet and greaves of brass? No. This was a nineteenth century knight, and they are as likely to be on foot as on horseback. Helmets are apt to be straw hats or derbys; and as for

greaves, well, knickerbockers are more common today.

This particular knight was about ten years old—slender, straight, open-eyed. Quickly he spied the damsel in distress. Swiftly he came to her aid.

"What's the matter?" I heard him say.

Alas! the "matter" was that the bundle she held had "burst," and its contents were open to view. Probably the small maid expected a hearty scolding for carelessness. And, indeed, whoever put the soiled shirt and collars in her care might reasonably have been vexed.

The boy tried to fix the broken wrapper but could not. A new piece of wrapping paper also proved too frail.

Must the child get a scolding? Poor little soul! No wonder she had sobbed so mournfully.

But the boy was not daunted. He tucked the "burst" bundle under his own arm.

"I'll carry it to the laundry for you," he said in the kindest voice, and off the two trudged together.

Soon after, I met the small girl again. She was comforted and serene.

"Was that boy your brother?" I asked. She shook her head.

"Did you know him?"

Another shake.

"A real gentleman," said I. "A genuine nineteenth century knight. Bless him!"

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 3. Keep the heart ten - der with sweet, lov - ing words, And they'll fill it with  
 4. Keep the heart ten - der with ho - ly de - sires, And they'll fresh - en its

free - ly with love's gen - tle dew: Garn - er its harv - est of  
 perfume will choke out the weeds, And the soft beams of Pit - y, of  
 mus - ic like war - ble of birds In the heart of the for - est so  
 alt - ars and quench the rash fires Of Hat - red and En - vy— of

rich burnished gold; Let in the sunshine and shut out the cold.  
 Mer - cy and Love, Will y:el: it the glo - ry that beams from a - bove.  
 joy - ful and clear, When the birds are a - wake in the springtime of year.  
 sins ev - er new: Keep the heart ten-der, pure, kindly and true.

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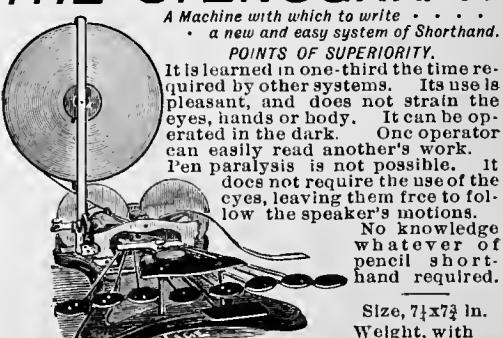
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